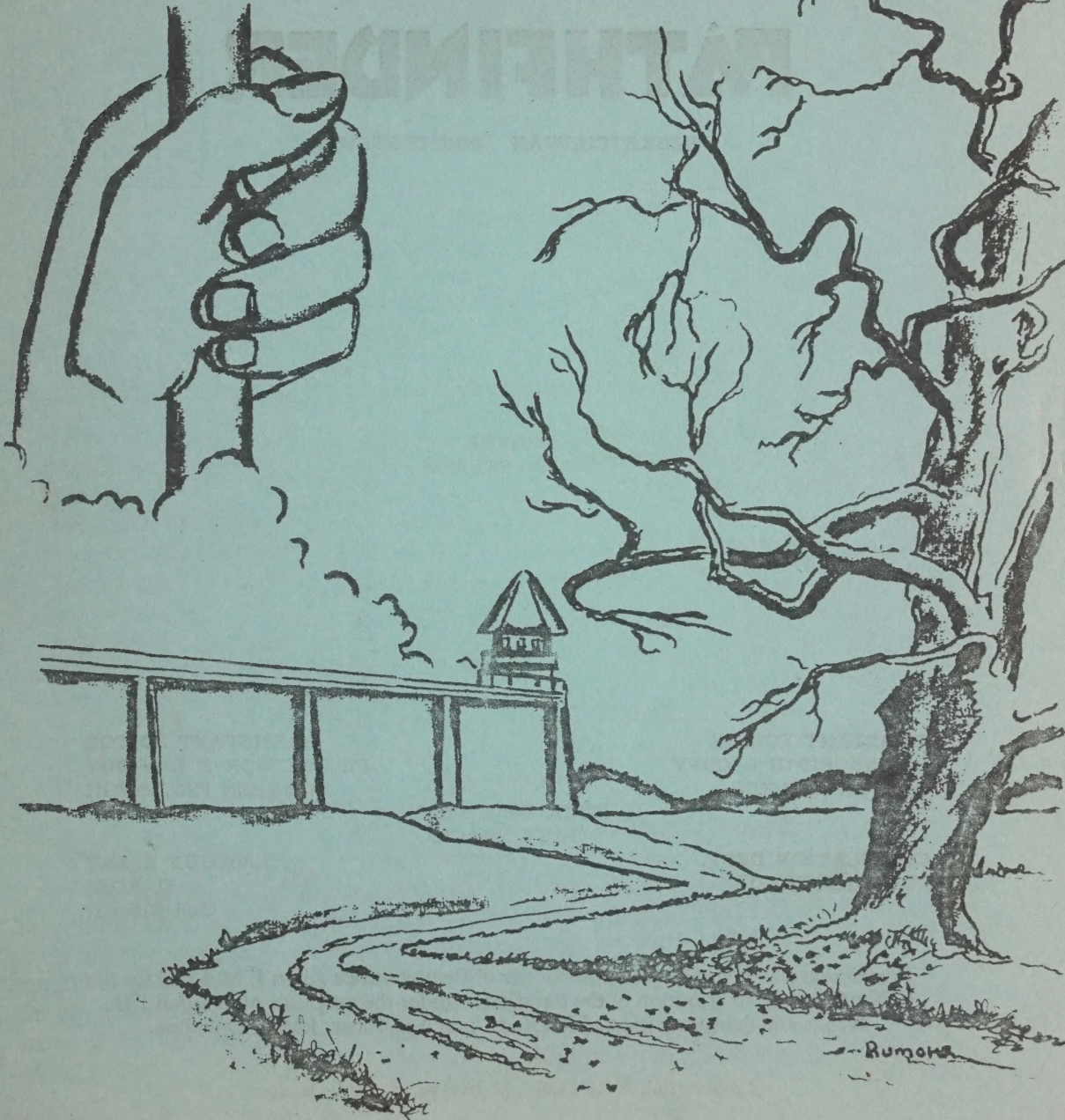


CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

LIBRARY

Pathfinder

SEPTEMBER 1964



P.O. BOX 160
PRINCE ALBERT,
SASKATCHEWAN

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS
OF THE INMATES

PATHFINDER

SASKATCHEWAN PENITENTIARY

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Permission was granted by Commissioner of Penitentiaries Allan J. McLeod for the publication and distribution of the Pathfinder under the auspices of Warden J.H. Weeks and the supervision of Related Training Officer, J.M.L. Donahue.

Subscription Rate \$1.00 per twelve, monthly issues.

The Pathfinder

CONTENTS

SEPT. 64

Editorial	2	Doug Bevans
Monthly Reprint	4	Steve Allen
Poetry	6	Larry Musurichan
Inquirer's Beat	7	
Inside Looking Out	10	Doug Bevans
Here and There	13	Vern Larson
Addcan	15	
Sports	21	Jerry Huppe
Humor	23	Rumohr & Ross
Nightkeeper's Report	24	John Purves
A.A.	25	Anon.
Gavel Club	27	
News Flashes	29	
Letters to the Editor	30	
Penal Press	32	Rod McDonald

Pathfinder is published by and for the inmates of the Saskatchewan Penitentiary at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. Permission is hereby granted to reprint articles originating in this magazine. Any views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration nor the Pathfinder staff. All manuscripts submitted for publication must be signed by the author. Please address enquiries to:
Pathfinder, Box 160, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada.



Pathfinder feels vindicated, to a certain degree, in its views on individual rehabilitation. There is at least one woman who agrees with us. Mrs. Kjarsgaard, a local resident from Prince Albert, took the time and patience to reply, brilliantly and incisively, to an anti-amnesty editorial which recently appeared in the Prince Albert Herald. Mrs. Kjarsgaard, the hat of every inmate in this institution is off to you today, and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

The editorial that Mrs. Kjarsgaard replied to was, in part, quotations from the July issue of Pathfinder. They dealt, in the main, with amnesty and what it would or would not do for the Federal prisoner from a rehabilitative point of view. The editorial staff of the Herald took it upon themselves to furnish a rather wet-towel footnote to these quotations. They made the little-boyish assertion that they could not see

how amnesty could in any way be equated with rehabilitation. Pathfinder can't see how you can equate it with anything but rehabilitation. Certainly there is not and never has been any such animal as "planned rehabilitation" in the colorless history of Federal Penal Institutions. But there is, I assure you, a certain type of "spontaneous rehabilitation"; the type of rehabilitation that would be generated if amnesty became a reality would be this "spontaneous" class. Men behind bars, inside walls, and under the shadows of gun-towers have got to react favorably to anything-anything- that will bring about an earlier release. It's human nature.

The Herald, in this same footnote, went on to quote the "recidivist rate", an irrefutable statement of dry percentages that cannot be effectively denied. I don't know and I don't care a great deal why newspapers seem to invariably and universally fall back on these lugubrious figures; we are willing to admit them. Eighty per-cent of all releases from penitentiaries return to penitentiaries. So what? This is nothing to shout about. What newspapers should be looking at, and shouting about, is the other side of the same coin. That eighty percent was calculated out of a hundred per-cent. That means that

out of every hundred inmates released from penitentiaries, twenty of them do not come back. That should be worth something, I think. It is better by far to have twenty successes and eighty failures than to have no successes and a hundred failures. Why must people, especially newspaper people, always look at the negative side of the question? Would the Herald have society condemn the entire hundred per-cent because of the eighty failures? Don't these twenty men count for anything?

And therein lies another part of the incredibly callous social attitude so prevalent today. Percentages are, I admit, easily quoted and often damning. But when, as in this case, the percentage deals with human beings - living men and women - they should be employed with extreme caution if at all, because statistics are invariably sterile. You are not dealing here with chairs and tables, but with living, breathing, feeling human beings. Human beings who deserve and must be granted, over and over again if necessary, the chance to live in a free world. And even though eighty of every hundred fail, the right of the eighty to try again must never be denied them. This is the true tragedy of figures like the nebulous one entitled "recidivist rate". They sound too clinical. They sound too harmless. Like "Final Solution". They don't convey real meaning to the person hearing them. They are dry statistics and nothing more. If you must quote figures that deal with living people, the least that could be done is to say that so many "men" fail to do something, and so many "men" succeed. That, if done, would, I think, cause many people to have second thoughts before screaming mass condemnation.

Let's face it, the world is round, and if only one man in a hundred succeeds in going straight when he leaves here it must and does justify the other ninety-nine failures.

You know, for a convict I must have a tremendously broad view of salvation. I think in terms of the one. In terms of the individual man or woman. And I believe that this is the way any sane human being can think or should think, concerning his fellow humans. Humanity, to me, is like a gigantic box of apples. Because I find one bad one, or two, or ten, or a hundred, I don't condemn the whole box. And if out of that whole box I found only one good one, then I would be thankful for that one. I would think it noble and magnificent that that one apple could remain good in the midst of the corruption of the rest of the box. That is the way society today should view convicts, and the apple-box penitentiaries they live in. Don't condemn the whole box, there are some good ones and some potential good ones in it.

doug.....

MONTHLY REPRINT OF THE MOUNTAIN

via The Presidio

YOU AND THE DEATH PENALTY: STEVE ALLEN SPEAKS OUT

Permit me to ask you two questions: (1) Do you approve of capital punishment? (2) Would you personally pull the switch to electrocute a man?

If you give both questions the same answer, give yourself a gold star for consistency. If your in favor of electrocuting, hanging, or shooting your fellow man, however without having the guts to do it yourself, then in my book you are an illogical troublemaker. The men who are obliged by the state to do your dirty work don't like it, and most of them wish to God the American people would put an end to the grisly business. But still it goes on in most states year after year because of a combination of hypocrisy, an unchristian lust for revenge, and plain old-fashioned ignorance.

I can't make you more consistent or more humane, but I can help to dispel your ignorance about capital punishment. The

perspective of history shows that it's on the way out. Over the past thousands of years societies have developed many ingenious methods of getting rid of so-called underclass. Consider only a partial list: drawing and quartering, stoning, crucifixion, burning at the stake, disemboweling, pressing with weights, beheading, stabbing, guillotining, boiling in oil, beating, shooting, electrocution, hanging, and gassing. Most of these methods have not been discarded. But if only the last four are common today, look in the mirror and ask yourself some questions: Is this record something I as a human being can be proud of? Why wouldn't I prefer to go all the way and ban them all.

Well, you might answer, it's all ugly enough to be sure, but isn't it still necessary to retain the death penalty because of its deterrent power? The only possible reply is a simple, unqualified NO. Many states and nations have abolished capital punishment without suffering the in-

crease in the crimes of violence that people had predicted. The reason for this recorded fact is that murderers tend to fall into three distinct categories. One is made up of mental cases. Obviously they don't stop to think of punishment. The second group includes the so-called normal individuals who kill in a moment of passionate rage. Here, too, emotions blind the intellect and caution is cast to the winds. The death penalty never stayed those unfortunate hands. The third group are the professional gangland killers who go right on killing, capital punishment or no.

So there's really no strong argument for the death penalty, as a thousand experts have grown weary of declaring year in and year out. But there are plenty of good arguments against it.

Here are just a few:

1. Capital punishment is a degrading hang-over from barbarism.
2. Most prison officials are against it.
3. Many innocent people have been put to death.
4. The guys that are executed are the poor, the friendless, and members of minority groups. The rich criminal who gets a good lawyer almost never gets the rope or the chair.
5. The aim of our penal system should be rehabilitation of the criminal, not his destruction.
6. Juries sometimes let criminals

go free because they are reluctant to condemn if the penalty is death.

7. Our religious tradition teaches THOU SHALT NOT KILL. The only exception is supposed to involve self-defense. Society is already defended when a killer is behind bars.

8. When a society condones gas chambers and electric chairs that society is basically brutalized.

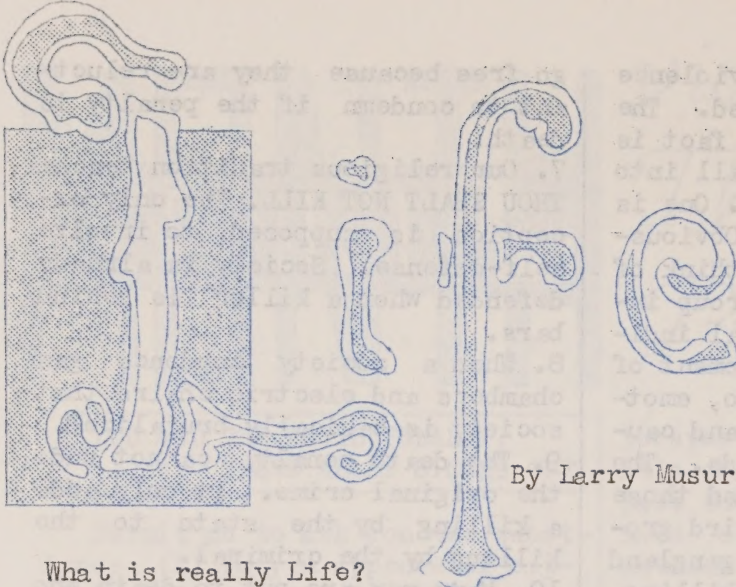
9. The death penalty cannot undo the original crime. It only adds a killing by the state to the killing by the criminal.

10. Many men are put to death who may not have committed murder.

Caryl Chessman was only one example.

11. Almost all the churches have come out strongly against the supreme penalty.

Unless you've read Arthur Koestler's book Reflections of a Hanging, you probably don't know enough about capital punishment. Koestler, who was once condemned to die himself says, "The gallows is not only a machine of death, but a symbol. It is a symbol of terror, cruelty, and irreverence for life - the common denominator of primitive savagery, medieval fanaticism, and modern totalitarianism. It stands for everything that mankind must reject if mankind is to survive the present crisis." Koester's words are not only a condemnation. They are a warning.



By Larry Musurichan

What is really Life?
Is it the world around us?
Can you measure it in hours and days?
Or is it just a smokey Haze?

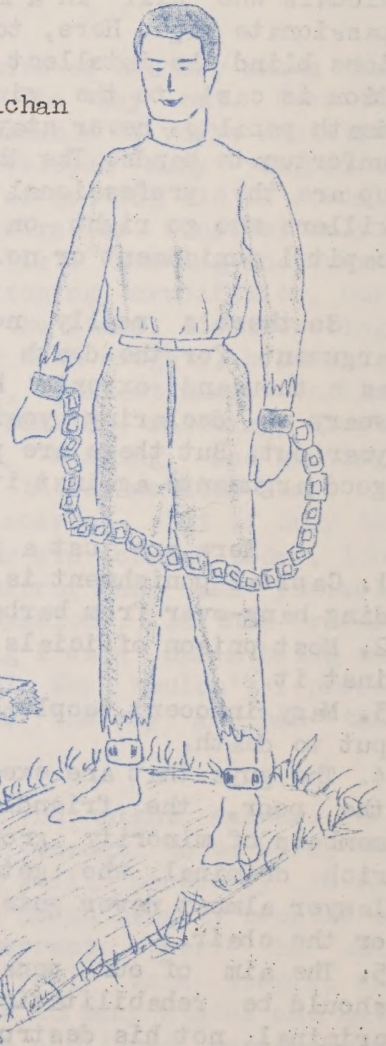
Life is something that is living.
Life, is the honest giving.
Everything from good or bad.
It may be happy, it may be sad.

Life can also be amusing.
Life can also be arousing.
Life can also be a drag.
However good, it can be bad.

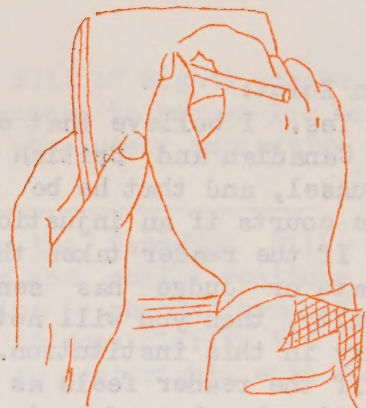
Life is something we should cherish.
Life around us should never perish.
Life is things we love to do.
Even though we must say adieu.

Life is something that must die.
Even we, must say goodbye.
For life does also have an end.
For this is life, my good friend.

Life is also a given time.
For people who commit an awful crime.
For these people must pay with life.
Life is spent within a life.



Inquirers Beat



Question: Do you feel that an inmate LAW LIBRARY is necessary in this institution?

Jack Miller:

Yes, definitely! Every man in here should have access to books dealing in law. A complete library would be a tremendous undertaking and very costly. However, if one were started now with only the current editions of our Canadian Criminal Code, and kept up to date over the years, it would be a definite asset.

For myself, an evening or two spent on our corporation laws would be of immeasurable assistance in planning for the future.

There are also many new laws being enacted each year. These are not solely in the criminal field. It would be interesting and educational if we could follow these new enactments, because they are a definite indication of new trends in our daily way of living.

Cliff Duhamel:

Definitely, there should be a Law Library in the institution, because if a man feels he has a just case to bring before the courts, it could be prepared properly under a Law Library set-up.

When you have a man who feels he was unjustly dealt with, you have a person who cannot ever settle down to doing his time. If he feels he was trapped by some over-ambitious prosecutor who may have, in his eagerness to chalk up another conviction, passed over the most important phase of the case. In closing I would point out that, under the Canadian Bill of Rights, every man is guaranteed the right to due process of law, regardless of race, or creed. I feel that a Law Library in this institution would serve to fulfill this right.

Don Kolot:

Yes. I believe that one of the oldest and most basic principles of Canadian and British Law is that a person is entitled to legal counsel, and that he be allowed to have full access and recourse to the courts if an injustice has been done in his case.

If the reader takes the hypocritical view that because a Magistrate or Judge has sentenced a man to prison, he is automatically guilty, then you will not agree with my reason for wanting a Law Library in this institution.

If the reader feels as I do, that there may be a possibility an injustice has been done in various cases, then you will agree that a Law Library is necessary for the following reasons.

There are many, many inmates in penitentiaries, as well as the average layman in the free world, who do not understand their basic rights; nor do they understand the proper court procedure, or how the judicial system works in regard to appeals, etc. Therefore, it is often that a man is not aware, until after he arrives at the penitentiary, that he had not exhausted all his legal rights.

One of the biggest reasons for having a Law Library is that a man, when he arrives at the penitentiary, in most cases has used all his funds. Therefore, if he does not have access to a Law Library he is put in the same position as being denied counsel, because he cannot afford to have a lawyer come to his aid. If law books were made available to him, he could do his own research and present his case to the courts himself. This has been done several times with good results.

Naturally my views may conflict with the views of the Administration, because they feel that having a Law Library in the institution would cause them a lot of unnecessary work. But to the inmate himself it may mean days, months, or years off his sentence if he is successful.

B. H.

The law has provided the mode and manner of trying parties accused of crime, and the courts before which they are to be tried. And no one can be legally sentenced unless tried and convicted by a competent authority and according to law. We know that in actual practice this is only half-truth. Take a prisoner who cannot afford a lawyer once he has been sentenced, and who wants to appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada, or be heard by way of a writ.

The Law Society will not appoint a lawyer to appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada.

There is no-one on the penitentiary staff sufficiently capable or willing to assist any prisoner in this regard.

Under our Constitution, and the Canadian Bill of Rights, there is no excuse why any prisoner should be denied access to proper law books.

A Law Library is not only necessary; it is absolutely imperative in the interest of justice.

Mike Tokar: The Canadian people believe, as the Canadian Bill of Rights says, that these rights "have existed and shall continue to exist" in Canada. One thing is certain, nothing is changed because of the passage of the Bill of Rights. However, it does clarify the fact that, even in our prisons, we are entitled to most rights with the exception of freedom.

All the rights set out in Parts I and II, we assume to have. The first by inheritance and the fact that our constitution is similar in principle to that of Great Britain. The second by general acceptance has been upheld in the highest court in the land. Because the court has come down so clearly on the civil liberties, I think that no Government - Provincial or Federal - would in the future dare to deprive anyone, by statute or action, of any inherited act.

I therefore, feel very strongly that a law Library in this prison is a necessity as a matter of right. No one would wish to damn it with a faint praise of saying that it will do no harm.

Old Timer: Certainly there should be.

A Law Library consists of more than the average person realizes. To many the word 'law' denotes criminal law, which in reality, is only a small part of the law. There is civil law, criminal law, and constitutional law and these three are divided and sub-divided.

Here, with a population of 700, there are inmates with legal problems such as law-suits, divorce actions, appeals, etc. Compare the prison with a village of 1400 men and women. The village would have a Law Library and from one to three lawyers. The people would be able to hire legal advice - whereas in here ninety percent are without any funds after being processed by the courts, and have nowhere to turn on a simple legal matter. A library would solve many problems.

As many of the inmates are from out of this province, and far away from friends and relatives, or have none at all, it seems only fair and wise to grant the inmate the right to a library. He could even study law. This doesn't mean to say he would likely become a lawyer and be admitted to the bar - although ex-cons have been.

In a country such as ours, where we have a constitution partly made up of the Bill of Rights, no man should be denied access to the law in rights endowed upon him by the Constitution, yet how many cons know or have read the B.N.A. Act, the Statute of Westminster, or the Canadian Bill of Rights?



INSIDE LOOKING OUT

DOUG EVANS

Throughout the majority of last month's effort I did my level best to instill within an individual an honest desire to come to the penitentiary. I admit, now, that I exaggerated the court-room behavior that this person should employ. I did this as a conscious attempt at humor and it has haunted me ever since it was printed. Levity does not, and never will, have any place or anything to do with imprisonment. I feel relatively certain that no-one has taken me seriously. But there is always an outside chance that someone, slanted in mind, did accept at face value the instructions I so witlessly issued. If this has happened, and I find out about it, I will never forgive myself.

Now, I promised last month that I would give my readers and my hypothetical thief a cook's tour of this rubble pile. I will. I only hope that I can do it objectively, without any over-dreary treatment of some of the aspects of the lifeless living that goes on in here. That's one of the most difficult, if not impossible, things for a prisoner to do; write or speak objectively about his prison. Because here we do not live objectively. In fact, we live so close to the bars, so subjectively close, that the brittleness and the hardness of the steel itself often becomes an inseparable part of our personalities. You just can't help it. So, if I do begin ranting on something that seems relatively unimportant to you in the scheme of things, please bear with me. It is just a case of my petty, prison prejudices beginning to show through.

Where do you want to start? The front door? Okay. The front door of this place is open, we'll say, and you walk through. You find that you are looking down a short corridor at the end of which is a barred gate. You are now in the Front Hall. The Front Hall is where the Warden and the rest of the managers work and whatnot. There is a man in an olive drab uniform standing, mechanically, by the gate at the end of the hall. He opens it to let you through. He locks it behind you. He is very efficient, the picture of a Twentieth Century penal

10

machine. Now you are walking through a large empty-full room known as the "Keeper's Hall." It is empty of any form of cheerfulness and it is full of Keepers. Keepers are men in brown, with keys and things. They mill around in this room from time to time, waiting, usually, for some gate to lock. Nice guys, these Keepers.

You pass through another of the barred grills on the other side of the Keeper's Hall; a brown dressed locking machine turns the key for you. You find yourself in a long, narrow corridor. The walls are a bilious shade of green. It's a green you have never seen before; a sort of washed-out-prison-green. There is a quasi-antiseptic odor in the corridor. Something like a hospital, but not quite.

Half way down this corridor, on the right, there is a door. You stop there. Inscribed on the frosted glass pane in the upper half of the door are the words "Reception Center". This door doesn't appear particularly ominous to you, but, as in this case, appearances are often deceptive. This is without a doubt the worst of many unpleasant rooms you will find in this place; the worst in my opinion, that is. And, since I am taking the time, my valuable time, to show you around, the least you can do is participate with me in my repugnance. I don't think that's asking too much, is it? And, who knows, you might even find yourself genuinely siding with me after I let you in on what goes on behind the door of the "Reception Center."

Because the "Reception Center" is the place where they take away your pride, identity and individuality and pack them, with a generous handfull of government mothballs, in a dusty brown canvas bag. And no amount of cursing or cajolement will make them alter this time honored procedure. They tell you that you don't need these things while you are here, but that they'll take good care of them until you get out, someday. You think I'm joking again, don't you? I wish I were, I honestly wish I were. That's what they do there, though, and, after this is done, you are stripped, clipped and dipped with precision and production-line efficiency. Then you are re-dressed in prison clothes. These consist of a carefully mistailored shirt and pants, in bright and cheerful gray, a pair of thick woolen socks, also grey, and some shoes, generally two. A number, your number, is stamped on the pants and shirt. You are told to remember it forever. Or at least for as long as you're going to be here, which, by that time, means the same as forever as far as you are concerned.

They run you out of the "Reception Center" a new man. A dazed man. A confused man. A convict. You look exactly like every other convict in the house; entirely nondescript. You don't know anything, you don't do anything, you just are. Only your thoughts remain your own, and often you will find that it is better for you to disguise even these.

I can't say too much more about arriving here. I have, I think, brought you in as realistically as I can. The future in here is yours now. Do with it as you will. There will be many times when your mind will refuse to accept the assaulting atmosphere of this barred menagerie, when your eyes will refuse to see some of the oppressively realistic factors around you, and when your ears will shut out some things too monstrous to be believed. You won't like it here. You'll never like it here. But, like it or not, you have to live here. You have to make the best of second-best. Sometimes, in the making, you make something better out of yourself too. Sometimes you don't. It's different for everyone. You will change though, of that you can be sure. It is impossible not to; this place won't let you stay as you were.

In successive months we will view some other interesting aspects, both material and abstract, of this big brick and bar yard.

Until then I will remain, silently and sometimes cynically, "Inside Looking Out"

--doug..





here and there

Well, its autumn in the big-house; and I wonder what winter shall bring. Cold weather for sure; and perhaps a few days of cheer at Christmas, but little else. Days upon days will begin and end with the same monotonous regularity. "But the days will be shorter", some gleefully exclaim. An illusion my friend; they only lend a few cold hours to a longer night. Surely, if they ever give the world an enema, this is where they stick the hose.

Anyway, if you find yourselves doubting whether or not you'll be able to finish this bit, there is an old saying here that goes: "Do what you can, and they'll help you do the rest." There, I'll bet all you newcomers feel better already. Speaking of newcomers, I took a look around this place the other day, and low and behold (to borrow a phrase from Huppe) I

thought for a moment I was in Bowden. If they start sending them in here any younger were going to have to lay in a supply of rubber sheets.

Miss Gloria Peachey: I see by our subscription files that Miss Gloria Peachey has renewed her subscription. Thank heavens; things just wouldn't be the same without her name on the list. Miss Peachey, you just don't know how the presence of such an enchanting name triggers the imaginations of the Pathfinder staff.

Parole: I just received word (from a very reliable source) that there is a new deal in the offing for paroles. Apparently this is a short-time or minimum type parole which is going to be fairly easy to get. For some, perhaps, this may take some of the sting out of our amnesty deal.

did you know

.....that Tom (old goat) Tomlinson has another hobby besides fixing watches. You probably do; its pretty common knowledge.

.....John McIntosh makes the best copper-work in the institution. Well he does. He said so himself.

.....that if someone doesn't write me a letter soon I'm going to flush all my tobacco down the toilet. Then she'll be sorry boy.

.....that if you fill your sink up with water and gaze into it steadily for about two solid hours you begin to see all sorts of funny things.

.....that Frank Dunn, a well known Toastmaster's member, had 22, I repeat, 22 ahs in his little talk over CKBI-TV in behalf the United Appeal.

.....that the present Recreation Committee has promised to succeed where the previous Committee failed. There will be pink tapioca pudding on the line every second wednesday.

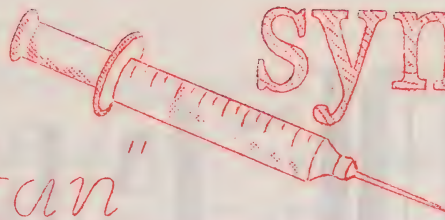
Election News

Sunday evening, October 4th, was election night in the institution; and in one of the closest elections anyone can remember, the inmate body elected a new Recreation Committee.

The slate system, which was inaugurated last election, was used again. Although this system still remains very unpopular with the inmates, it nevertheless produced one of the finest Committees on record last May, and the incoming slate is composed of six very able men. The winning slate, and our new Recreation Committee is:

Don Scheerschmett
Marv Greene
Smokey Kitchemonia
John Page
Vern Larson
Jack Miller

The Pathfinder wishes to extend it's heartiest congratulations to these men, and to wish them every success in their coming term of office. We pledge our fullest co-operation and assistance.



synanon

"Addcan" report

[Editors Note: ("Addcan" is a brand new name in this penitentiary and in Canada. "Addcan", which is a contracted coupling of the words 'addict' and 'Canada', has a working philosophy that is also new; the stand-up-and-shout-about-it kind of new.)

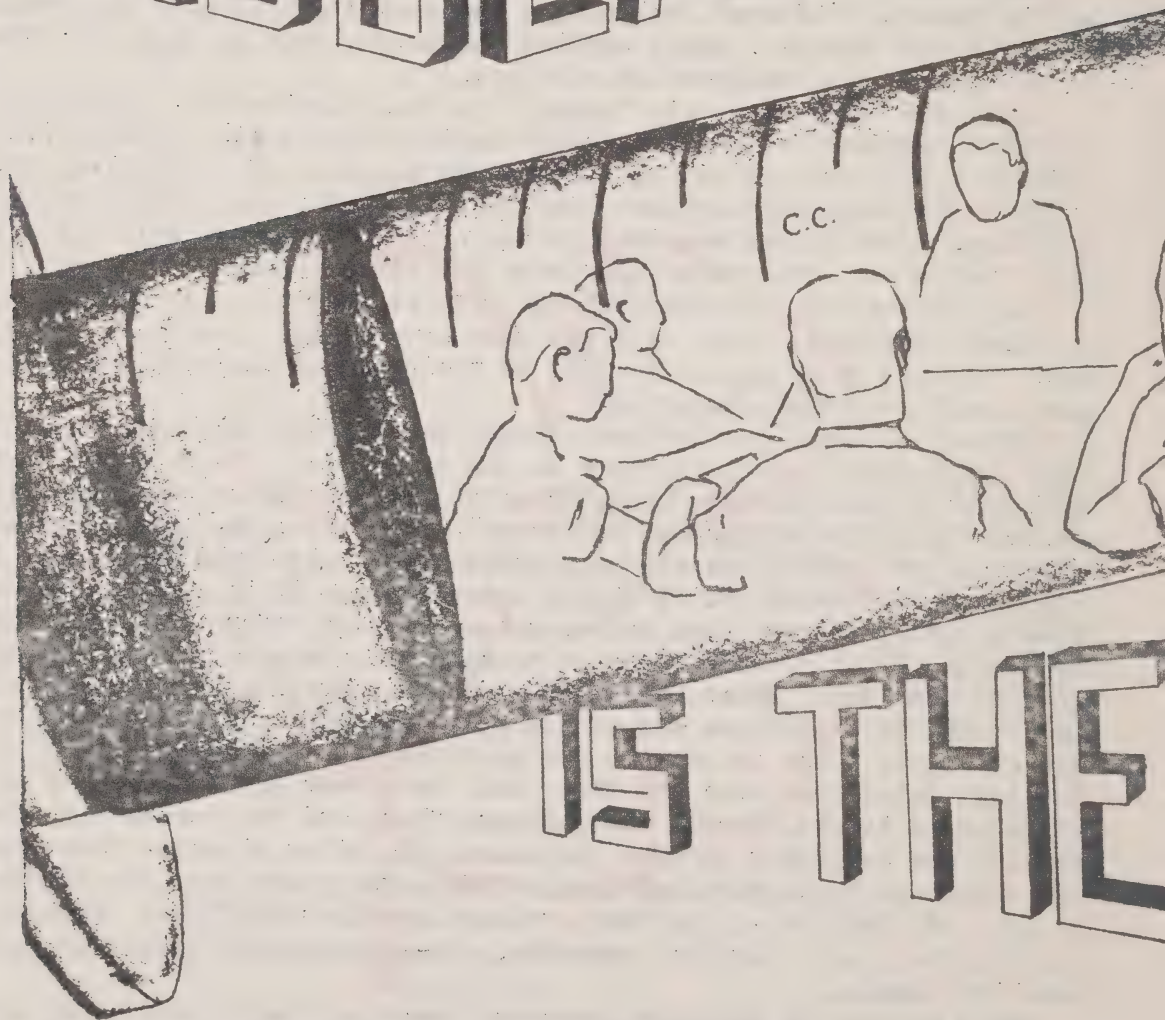
There are only six men in "Addcan" in this institution. These men are held together by one inseparable bond. They are all criminal drug addicts. They are men who have lived the majority of their lives far outside the bounds of law and order. They peopled a world where heroin was king, where Heaven was in a hollow needle, and where Hell was always just around the corner. They have all lived through the nightmare of many excruciating withdrawals, they have all damned, again and again, the drug that drove them. And yet they have always gone back to it; back to stand wavering on the edge of their heroin world, just a grain and a half away from damnation.

"Addcan" is the first serious attempt any of them have ever made to stop using narcotics. They work on the belief that the only way they will ever be able to stop using drugs is to first learn why they started. That is the prime purpose of "Addcan". It applies the psychological principle of oral catharsis on a group level. It could be called, I suppose, group therapy. But if it is group therapy it is a more dynamic kind of group therapy than has ever been applied before. It is a rough and ready, all or nothing brand of therapy that takes a unique kind of guts to withstand. These men pull no punches. Everything, good and bad, is brought into the open and pulled apart. The language is street-level and straight, there is no room for anything but the truth. It is the toughest thing that some of these men have ever done. But they are sticking to it and, though the tempers flare and the curses fly, the results are beginning to take the shape of a minor miracle. These men are changing. It is working! I have seen with my own eyes the changes in some of these men. And they are not merely superficial changes, easily fabricated, they are sweeping, all-encompassing value and personality changes.

These men are on the most important quest of their lives. They are stumbling ahead, week by week, through the black and blind alleys of their pasts; reaching, groping, searching. And one by one they are finding the most magnificent thing they ever lost: Themselves.

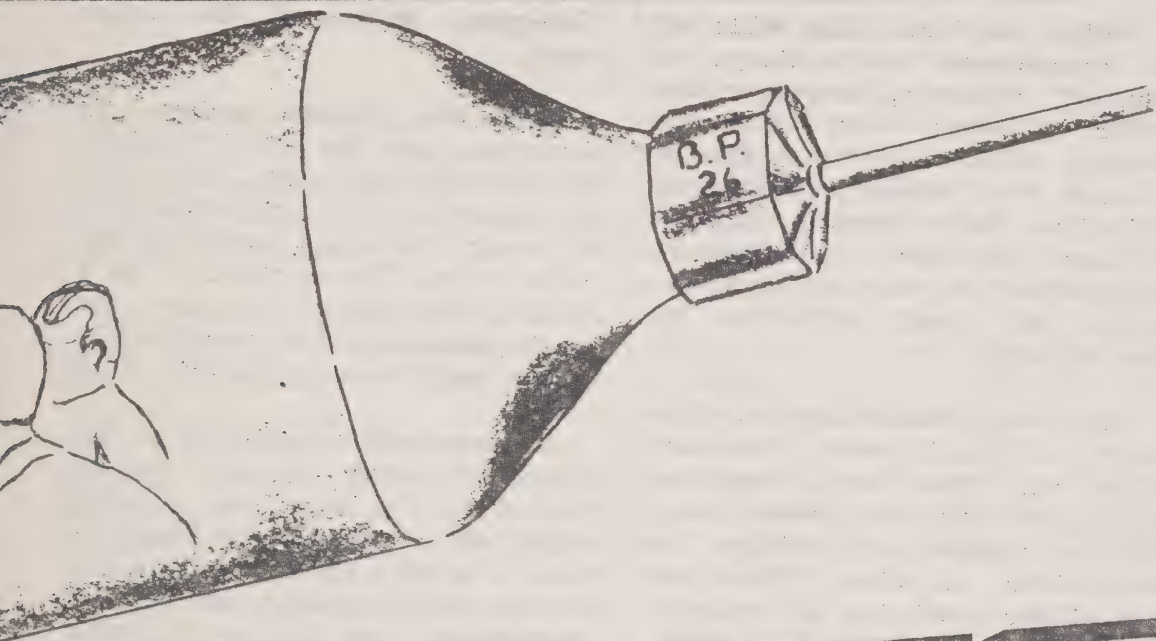
I envy them their courage. --doug.

"AODOCAN"



IS THE

**An Organization Dedicated to the Salvation of
the Addict and the Addictable**



ANSWER

Rumors

Below you will find the first of what we hope will be many articles from our "Addcan" group.

Behind the forbidding walls of the Saskatchewan Penitentiary, a group of rejected, desperate men gather together every Thursday evening in an effort to find a solution to a common problem-drug addiction. Their haunted, expressionless eyes mirror the demoralizing effect of years of incarceration and total rejection by free society.

The group, numbering six, have spent, in total, over a century behind cold steel bars. They were willing to sacrifice those years for the euphoria created by the derivatives of opium. These men were either unwilling or incapable of facing the cold, hard facts of reality, so they sought release through narcotics. This release enabled them to live in "Fantasia", a beautiful world of superlative dreams; a world free of fears, disappointments, hate, envy, jealousy and responsibility. A world full of delusions, without a sense of direction or goal. For the euphoria of a narcotic-induced dream world they willingly suffered deprivations of the beneficial commodities and conveniences of a free society. All were well aware that certain statutes in the criminal Code forbade the indiscriminate use of opiate drugs, but they were willing to risk small pieces of their lives

(two, three, five, ten, years, etc.) for the wonderful, dreamy affects caused by the so-called "God-given Medicine", the opium poppy.

Those who become enslaved to narcotics are the life blood of the illicit drug trade. They commit almost every conceivable crime to obtain the money needed to buy their vital "dream pills". As a result, the addict becomes the tragic pawn exploited mercilessly by the traffickers in illicit drugs.

A conservative estimate on the amount of money the six men in this group fed into the illicit market would stagger the imagination of a Wall Street tycoon. All of them have suffered the loss of everything dear in life in order to use their "cherished" drug.

In the past, men who could no longer endure the struggle found salvation through self-induced death, either by taking an overdose of narcotics or by hanging themselves in prison cells. There are those, too, who were overcome by the stresses, tensions and fears common to all addicts, and are now incarcerated in mental hospitals, hopelessly insane, with little or no chance of recovery.

Many more drug addicts will die before their time; they will die in flop-houses, gutters, prisons, hospitals and insane asylums, all self-appointed martyrs to a lost

cause - legalized drugs. Perhaps another millenium, after all other efforts have failed, the invested authorities in a free society will accept drug addiction in the same light as alcoholism is accepted today.

The Habitual Criminal Act has wreaked havoc on the addict population, especially the older generation, who in all liklihood will die in prison.

This, then, is the dilemma that faces these six desperate men. Each one of them have their backs to the wall. They are all aware that after their release, any criminal act or use of opiate drugs could result in life imprisonment. The invested authorities in free society have declared all out war on drug addiction, leaving only one alternative to the sick, addictive personality: either abstain from the use of drugs or die in bondage.

But these six men cannot accept a life in bondage, or death as martyrs to a lost cause. Therefore they are trying, through a psychodynamic group therapy operation, to search deep within their very beings for the answer. The answer that will allow them to live without drugs and to overcome the defects that were responsible for their anti-social behavior. To some of these men this is a task of superhuman dimensions, because many of them have never established

an identity in free society. Ever since childhood, their lives have been contingent on drugs, prisons and hospitals. They can only realize the benifits and rewards of the "good life" through fleeting memories of it in early childhood or through reading about it. Their awkward attempts at rehabilitation might seem inadequate and laughable to the practiced eye of the professional psychologist, but nevertheless it has kindled a new hope in the hearts of those lost and forgotten men. Frozen and expressionless faces have learned to smile again. Intolerant men are learning tolerance; suspicious, wary men are beginning to trust; men who had lost all hope of their chance of living a decent and respectable life are taking on new hope.

There are still many obstacles for these men to overcome, but they refuse to quit. At times they become angry, they are confused and disturbed, but they continue to stumble ahead, ever searching for a better way of life. They've lived in a nother world most of their lives so the transformation is extremely difficult. Yet every one is intensely aware that their success in adjusting to a socially acceptable pattern of life can add much needed meaning and happiness to their existence; failure means oblivion.

However, fear has always been their constant companion and it

is still omnipresent. It could be one factor that might prove disastrous. Here are the fears, whether real or imaginary, which plague many of the men in the "Addcan" group.

Will society accept me?

Where will I go? I have no real friends out there in the free world.

Will I be able to get employment? I have no skilled trade.

Will anyone hire a man with a long prison record?

How long can I live on the few dollars I get from the institution?

The average citizen has a very poor opinion of drug addicts. Therefore, how will they feel when they know I am an addict?

The addictive personality is an emotionally immature, fearful creature, who desperately needs help in his adjustment in the free world. Therefore, the counselling and guidance of professional people is sorely needed. If it is forthcoming, many of the men in this group can and will become respectable citizens.



• • • • • by gerry huppe

With four teams in the A. League, the Yankees, who finished in first place, won the championship. The Yankees took out the Red Sox in six games and, went on to win the A. League title by defeating the Raiders, also in six games.

B. League also had four teams, with the Mets being crowned the champions for 1964. However the Giants, managed by Ron Westad extended the series to six games.

In the semi-finals, the Mets took out the White Sox, while the Giants qualified for the finals by eliminating Pat Thomas's Pirates.

Meanwhile in C. League, a strange thing happened, one of the teams who were taking part in the championship finals, lost six players via the transfer route, all to the farm camp.

The "George Capstick Memorial Trophy", which is awarded to the C. League champs, will go to the Red Sox.

And now for my choices for the 1964 Player Awards, It has been my policy to select a player of the month, however these picks are for the men's play during the full season.

My A. League choices are as follows; M.V.P. Claude P. Claude gave his team, the Yankees, an all out effort at short stop, and was one of the reasons they had little trouble winning the title. M.I.P. award should go to Bob Ballharry. Bob now is one of the best third basemen around. For rookie of the year, Kenny Shingoose, who developed into a first class ball hawk while at short stop for the Tigers. Kenny was brought up from B. League, and rates as a good choice.

Le Clerc, whose fine pitching carried the Mets To the B. League championship should be a chinch for M.V.P. honers. As for the M.I.P. Butch Cassidy, the fine Mets catcher, looks like a shoo-in here. The Rookie of the Year could very well be Bobby Levesque of the Giants. Bob who played first base was very strong defensively and turned out to be a very good hitter.

(cont)

(sports cont.)

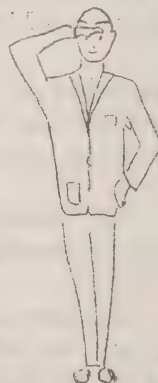
C. League M.V.P. goes to Henshaw for his third base ability. Henshaw robbed many a batter from a sure hit. The M.I.P. goes to Joe Tournanque, with his junk ball pitching. All C. Leaguers are rookies, so they all win this award.

Our many thanks go to the guys who took the time out to sit on the protest board. The general consensus is that you all did a very good job in handling any dispute that was brought before you. Also thanks to the fellows who gave up their own free time so that there would be enough umpires and score-keepers to see that the ball games would all be well officiated. Thanks a lot fellows, you all did a whale of a job. The ball players, one and all, appreciate your fine efforts.



WATCH FOR

Jack Lauder joining the golf club.
Pollock and Newell slaughter a Slam Bid.
Smokey's daily cup picking.
Butch's secret system in bridge.
Fountain playing handball against Taylor.
Range and Henry cutting up old scores.
Fieldhouse showboating on the tennis court.
The Pathfinder wearing press buttons.
Legalized poker in 1976.



Looking over the past season in sports, one thing only stood out, especially in Fastball. The idea of winning has become the most important view of some of those participating in the leagues. Not many, but too many, in regards to the sportsmanship and the sports program. Those supposedly cinch championship teams have no place in a well balanced sports program. We have had big teams in here in the past, and their opponents have fought them right down to the wire, and have come close too taking it all.

Lets hope that this kind of - you name it - never occurs, and that we realize that only one team can win, and the others must lose in all kinds of competition.

Sportsmanship is what we want in here, and lots of it. So until next month, good luck and good sports to all.

Jerry Huppe.....

CARTOON



"MR. STREET
WOULD
YOU BE
SO
KIND?"



Ross



Nightkeeper's Report

- 1882

J. H. Purves

Excerpts from The Nightkeepers Journal at Southern Michigan Prison in 1887. Reprinted from the Spectator, Jackson, Michigan.

April 6th - Nothing to report tonight, except a little misunderstanding suffered by convict O'Toole. O'Toole, hard of hearing, thought convict Calloway said, "I can lick any man in this place." So he swung and with one blow of that mighty fist, laid out Calloway as if he'd been hit with a pole axe. What convict Calloway actually said, say witnesses, was: "I can lick any man in this place." And if allowed to finish his statement would have added "and you'll find him no worse and no better than the average man in the free world." I have chalked O'Toole in his cell. But respectfully suggest you keep in mind his deafness.

April 7th - Well, we finally caught the Banshee Man. He turned out to be Slattery. Have you noticed how the Irish convicts here begin to kick up their heels once March 17th has passed? Guard Wilkens caught Slatt-

ery making noises such as another Irish convict says the banshee makes. With all the brass he could muster, Slattery vowed to me that he had a chicken bone caught in his gullet and was only trying to dislodge the bone. As you know, we haven't had chicken around this roost of villains since Christmas, and danged little then. I chalked Slattery in his cell.

April 8th - I failed to report last night that while talking to Slattery about his banshee sounds he slipped a lighted cigarette butt into my right Congress slipper when I turned my head. I walked back to the desk, put the slippers under-- and the entire toe part of the right slipper burned through. Slattery denied the dirty work, as he always does. I shan't report him for this, as I am not sure of his action. But I'll keep this in mind, as Slattery will pass my way again. He always does. Convict Massey, from the barn, says that old Millie should have her calf by nightfall tomorrow. She's pretty old to be calving, don't you think warden?

NOR ALCOHOLIC AA SKEL

Anonymous

THE PRISONER FREED BY GOD - VIA A.A.

I began drinking as a kid, shortly after I reached my fourteenth birthday. My father was alive, and I had to do as he wanted, so I drank under cover. In 1918, he finally passed away, and the fear of him left me. I didn't have to worry about him any longer. I rolled along with the mob this way, and that way, and the other way, but in those years nothing really bad happened to me. That was still to come.

On July 23rd of 1926 I went on a drunk. When I wended my way home four days later, on the 27th, there was a detective waiting for me. During the course of that drinking, I had shot and killed one person and almost completed the job on a second one. I was immediately arrested, arraigned in Homicide Court, held without bail, and remanded to the Tombs Prison to await trial. I was indicted for the crime of murder in the first degree. The trial lasted about a week, and whether or not I was going to the Death House was anybody's guess. However, a verdict was brought in of murder in the second degree. For that crime I received a minimum of twenty years and a maximum of natural life. In the meantime I had been indicted for the second crime, attempted murder. I received an additional fifteen years for that, making a minimum of thirty-five years and a maximum of natural life.

On October 28th, I was sent to Sing Sing with a minimum of thirty-three and a half years to serve out of that thirty-five. There was no time off for so-called good behaviour, first-timers, or anything else. Twenty years and nine months later I was released. Something had happened, a might important something, for me it was a miracle.

I spent my last seventeen months in Wallkill, and it was there that I first got my introduction to A.A. When I had heard about it, it meant nothing but just two letters to me, but some friends of mine in the institution were very active in the program and really believed

in it. They kept harping on it, that I go. One evening I decided to go because two of those friends were to speak. I rounded up a few more of my friends and off we went to the meeting, not for anything we could gain from it as much as to make a burlesque out of it.

However, before the meeting got started, a group from the outside came in unexpectedly. I had enough decency so that I dismissed the idea of doing any clowning, and I did listen.

After hearing the first speaker I could tell myself that my own lot was rather mild. He had been in and out of mental institutions as a result of his drinking. He had gone through the windshields of cars a couple of times and was pretty well banged up. After the meeting was over and we had returned to the cell-block again, I was asked how I was impressed. "Oh," I said, "that's not for me! Those poor stiff's probably went to a doctor and were told that if they quit they'd live three weeks and if they didn't ~~they'd die in one~~," That was my attitude toward A.A. at that time. However, two of my friends kept coaxing and cajoling to get me back again. Most of my attendance there was when people would come in from the outside. I clung to the outfit for the balance of my time.

I had an advantage in having an idea of what A.A. was about before coming out on the street. It wasn't anything strange to me, and I knew if I wanted to stay on the outside, that would be the spot for me. But after I passed through the gates I took a change of heart and mind. So instead of going near A.A., I just browsed around for that first month. Each time I would make a report to the Parole officer he would ask me, "Have you been to an A.A. meeting yet?" I'd say, "No, I don't know where they're at or when they meet. I don't know anyone in the program." After I had made my third report, I stepped downtown, met the same old crowd, and of course you know the answer. I staggered home the next morning. I couldn't tell how I got there. When my Mother opened the door, I almost fell in on my face. She asked me, was I going to do this to her all over again? That really stopped me, for it had been my mother who had really helped me to make a go of that twenty years and nine months in prison. This was the turning point. I have stuck close to A.A. meetings ever since. The days have grown into a little better than four years of sobriety. I don't have any regrets. I don't miss any of the old crowd, nor do I miss any of their parties. I have my ups and downs the same as the rest. It's no bed of roses, but somehow or other I've been able to make it, through the kindness of people in A.A. I don't have any resentments. I had a rough lot, but I don't worry about that, after hearing the stories of many others. A.A. has given me freedom. A freedom that can only be given by God through the A.A. fellowship.

Gavel Club



On the evening of the September 30th, the Gavel Club staged what must be considered one of its most memorable meetings. An "Impromptu". It was set up by Vern Levy, Educational Supervisor, on an experimental basis. If it turned out to be a success, Vern said members could look forward to more of the same in the future. It definitely did result in a success. In fact, remarked many members, it went smoother than most planned meetings.

Here's how it worked. Vern had a number of closed envelopes in which there were ominous little white pieces of paper with writing on them. These were job delegation slips. Some said "you may pass", others had "Gavelmaster", "Chairman", "1st Speaker", etc. written on them. Each member drew an envelope and whatever it said on the chit inside was his job for the evening.

After the draw, the meeting began. Chairman Jack Garreau conducted a smooth and rapid business session before calling on the Jokemaster. Rod Brown filled the Jokemaster's shoes right to the toes and did much to break the tension. Next came the Topicmaster, Murray Burford, with his long list of two minute topics. The topics were some of the best we have had for weeks, and most of the members managed to attack them for the full two minutes.

A short social break was called at seven-thirty, after which the meeting was re-convened by Chairman Garreau. This brought the beginning of the formal part of the meeting where the prepared speakers (in this case unprepared) have the opportunity of addressing the membership. Vern Larson accepted the gavel from the Chairman with all the aplomb of a man who knows he knows something that nobody else knows. And he did. He knew the topics for the formal speakers. They were in a little book that he had pad-locked to his thigh (well, almost). The topics were as follows:

Doug Bevans spoke on the value of speaking and writing good English. Vern Levy awarded a medal for bravery to John Rafter. Jack Miller talked a mythical policeman out of a speeding ticket. Russ Fortin addressed a jury on behalf of his client, Warren Kellough, accused of drunken driving.

All the speeches lasted for five minutes and the members who delivered them will be credited with making a formal speech. They all did an excellent job and the meeting was a howling success.

TO MARK THE PASSING OF A MAN

I attended a funeral today. The funeral of a convict and man that was well known in this institution. He was Mitch Hancherov, one time editor of Pathfinder and Past President of the Per Se Gavel Club.

Hancherov died of a chronic heart condition early on the morning of September 26th. He died as he lived; fighting for what he believed was right and for what he believed were his rights. In life he was ever certain of the rightness of his own course and of his right and capabilities in pursuing it. A brilliant speaker, there was nothing that this man loved more than good oral controversy. And he was an able and worthy opponent. I crossed verbal swords with him on many occasions, sometimes heatedly, but, even in the midst of violent argument, I never ever resented his right to be; nor, I'm sure, did he to me. He is mourned by only a few, but he is missed by everyone.

The burial took place at the small, penitentiary burial ground, just outside the wall. In attendance were Warden J.H. Weeks, Deputy Warden J.S. Linklater, and Assistant Warden McCubbin. Pallbearers were six inmates from the institution, and there were a number of other inmates present from the Farm Annex.

The service was conducted at the grave-side by Reverend Rainbow, Canon of the institution's Protestant Chapel. The gray casket was draped with the Red Ensign, a token tribute to Hancherov's war record. "I am the resurrection and the life", began the solemn litany. And as the casket was lowered into the grave I found myself wondering if He was.

I said my own good-by to Mitch Hancherov and walked away.

STATISTICS - SEPTEMBER, 1964

Admitted on Warrants of Commitment.....	31
Parolees Returned.....	0
Released on Expiration.....	31
Released on Parole.....	1
Escapees Returned.....	0
Transferred to Other Institutions.....	2
Escapes.....	0
Died.....	1
Count September 30, 1964.....	
Farm Annex.....	87
Main Inst.....	650
On Register.....	753
Low Number.....	4527
High Number.....	129

It is many years since Mr. Justice Joseph Archambault sat on the Superior Court bench in Montreal. He was long in retirement before his death last week. Even his name will be unfamiliar to the younger generations of Montreal. He made, however, a most important contribution to Canadian thinking and in days to come his name will be deserve to be honored.

He was the Chairman of a Royal Commission on penitentiaries and penal practices and reform before the war. His report remains a standard work, even after 25 years. Had his recommendations been adopted, and a new system organized, many of the present problems in the field of crime and delinquency would have never reached their present appalling scale.

The Archambault report was written before the great changes in urbanization took place, but our penal system in the 1930's was already archaic. He and his colleagues brought in an unanimous report urging far-reaching and realistic reform. It was totally disregarded. Nobody cared. There was, to be crude about it, no votes in it. His proposals would indeed have cost a little money, but so little that, by the scale of modern budgets, the extra cost would have been insignificant.

After the war a small beginning was made to move in the Archambault direction. When the Conservative Government was formed in 1957, Justice Minister Fulton went further, but only a little way. Penal reform is not important in political terms. The cost of doing nothing is heavy, but the cost of doing something wins no votes. Mr. Fulton's colleagues beat him down.

The Archambault report remains. The good old man who wrote it has gone to his long rest, an enlightened, a humane, a generous son of Quebec who served his country well, and got precious little thanks for it.

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Pathfinder Staff:

Firstly, I would like to thank the Pathfinder staff for sending me the Pathfinder. I was not aware of it's existance until I received a copy of it from you. It was with great joy that I read each and every article and with hope I awaited the arrival of the next issue.

Secondly, after my release from the Prince Albert Correctional Institution, I will send for a renewal subscription of your wonderful booklet.

Sincerely, Marion Labrie, P.A. Sask.

P.S. Would you please thank Louis Barrette for paying my first year subscription. Thank You.

Dear Friends;

My wife and I enjoy your Pathfinder very much, and you will kindly find enclosed, my subscription, and friends, if we neglect to subscribe give us a reminder in the paper, for we are getting old.

In regard to the Royal Visit Amnesties criticized by the Canadian Corrections Association. It seems to me that the majority of them must be descendants of those rock-souled old-country psalm-singers whose fathers prated encouragement while they burned good women for witches. You may print that if you wish. Kind regards;

Yours Truly, R.O. St.Denis, Coombs, B.C.

Hi. I am in a rush, but I want to say how much we enjoy your Pathfinder, it's so different from any paper we've read, "Inside Looking Out" should be read by the whole world. May your Pathfinder prosper.

Enclosed find \$2.00 for my subscription.

My Best To You, Mrs. Deatherage, Whitecourt, Alta.

I enjoy receiving your magazine, and the usually worth while material you use. I do hope you continue to increase your subscriptions.

Those of us outside the wall should always remember those behind them. And that what man often does to man must make God tremble, if he is there at all.

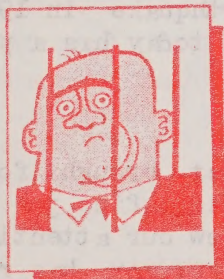
Best Wishes,

R.A. Mossman, Edmonton, Alta.

Pathfinder

NEEDS YOU NOW!

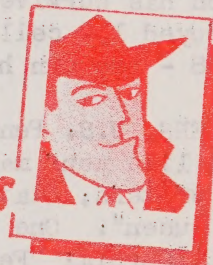
Here's the "STRAIGHT DOPE"



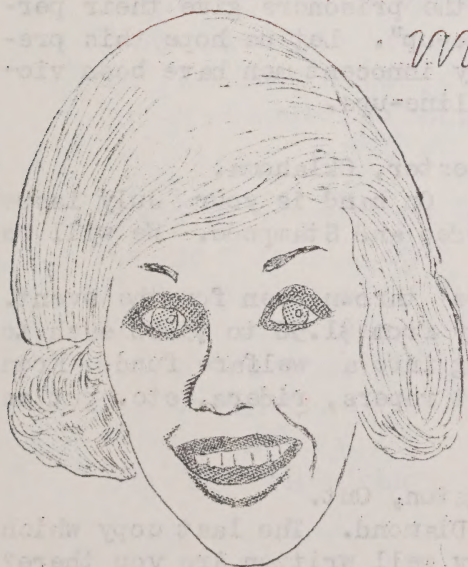
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PENAL PRESS REVIEW

Rod McDonald

M.P. NEWS, Montana State Prison, Deer Lodge, Mon.

Thank you, for your August issue. We find your mag in our mailbox on time, each and every month. Of special interest was the article -- "Montana Prison Story". Keep up the good work.

The M.P. News represents a prison which opened for business on July 2nd. 1871. On this date, the first customer, Mr. Sam Hughes, rode up to serve a term for 'Assault with intent to kill'. Since then, the prison has survived some serious riots, an earthquake in 1959 which destroyed 160 cells, 13 different Wardens, and today has a population of 428 - one man having 47 years in.

THE LENS, U.S. Penitentiary, Lewisburg, Penn.

We like your magazine. The literary contest brought forth three good writers, that's for sure. W.J. Summers did a fine job on "Death of a Queen". One of your news items really drew our attention, quote "PHILADELPHIA: Federal District Court Judge Freedman has ruled that forced participation of prisoners in police line-ups is a violation of their constitutional rights - unless the prisoners give their permission to appear in the traditional line-up". Let us hope this precedent will spread across the land. Many innocent men have been victim to 'mistaken identity' in just such line-ups.

THE EYE OPENER, State Penitentiary, McAlester, Oklahoma.

A real good 12 page penal newspaper. On hand is your July issue outlining plans for the Annual 4 day Rodeo and Stampede. We will be watching for your next issue.

In this prison each year the gates are thrown open for the event. Thousands of people from many states pay from \$1.50 to \$3.00 each to see this outstanding show, proceeds going into a welfare fund. From an 'inside' population of 2,283 the best ropers, riders, etc. put on a performance second to none.

DIAMOND, Collin's Bay Penitentiary, Kingston, Ont.

There are dozens of requests for the Diamond. The last copy which we received six months or so ago was very well written. Are you there?

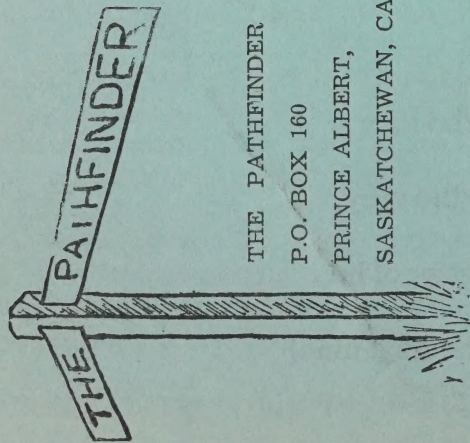
LAZINESS

BY *Robert Service*

Let Laureates sing with rapturous swing
Of the wonder and glory of work;
Pet pulpiteers preach and with passion impeach
The indolent wretches who shirk.
No doubt they are right: in the stress of the fight
It's the slackers who go to the wall;
So though it's my shame I perversely proclaim
It's fine to do nothing at all.

It's fine to recline on the flat of one's spine,
With never a thought in one's head:
It's lovely to lie staring up at the sky
When others are earning their bread.
It's great to feel one with the soil and the sun,
Drowned deep in the grasses so tall.
Oh it's noble to sweat, pounds and dollars to get,
But—it's grand to do nothing at all.

So sing to the praise of the fellows who laze
Instead of lambasting the soil;
The vagabonds gay who lounge by the way,
Conscientious objectors to toil.
But lest you should think, by this spatter of ink,
The Muses still hold me in thrall,
I'll round off my rhyme, and (until the next time)
Work like hell—doing nothing at all.



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